## WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WAITING FOR NEWS IN PARIS. THE FRENCH SOLDIERS NOT WELL EQUIPPED— THE SHAKO THROWN AWAY—THE USE OF

VIER AND THE PRESS-PASSPORTS REQUIRED FRANCE-THE EMPRESS AT THE SHRINE OF VICTORY.

STEAM IN WAR-THE RIVER GUNBOATS-OLLI-

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.] Paris, July 31.-Every one is on the tip-toe of expectation of news from the "Grand Army of the Rhine," of which the Emperor assumed the command-inchief the day after his arrival. He was at Metz, up to the latest date. The health of the army is reported to be excellent, and its spirits at fever-heat of eagerness for the fray. It is computed that 400,000 men are at this mo ment encamped on the French side of the Rhine, ready to converge on the point of attack, at any given signal. When will this be given ! In the mean while, and although the army is well found in everything, and long trains of flour are leaving every day, the Government mills near the Eastern station, to be added to the stores accumulated in the depots, letters from the camp state that the accounterments of the soldiers for active service are yet defective. The shake has been cast away by the thousand fective. The shake has been cast away by the thousand, so inconvenient is it to the soldier who replaces it by his kepi, or peaked cap. The officers wink at this breach of discipline. They know that the soldier does his duty none the worse without a headache; that men whose brains are at boiling-point do not think any the clearer for it; that quickness of sight in taking aim is not improved by catching a sun-beam in one's eyes. The barbarity of the bear-skin-a veritamountain of hair-which the British grenadier forced to wear, has been frequently com mented upon as an instance of murderous absurdity. But the Grenadiers of the Guard all started with it, and would have to wear it, except for the sly good sense of their officers, who prefer that their men should be in good condition rather than in fine fig; so the grenadiers in campaign abandon their bear-skins; in other words, throw them away, and replace them by the bonnet or pelise, or pocket-handkerchief. It appears that any number of them, and similar inconvenient head-covers, are to be found in the fields, in the ditches, in the hedges, on the line of the Eastern frontier, all cast away by the suffering soldiers, unable to stand the heat and the chances of

French army is not in this respect wholly perfect. As to the part steam may play in this campaign, more is expected of it than it will probably accomplish. The Eastern Enliway is reported to have used almost superiman efforts to carry 400,000 men to Strasbourg and Metz. It has occupied 14 days. A train cannot convey more than one battalion, one squadron, or a single battery, at a time, or as a mean term, 500 men with their equipments. This would require 800 trains for a total of 400,000 men. It has demanded extraordinary efforts on the part of the Company of the East to accomplish the feat of conveying this mass of "food for cannon" to the frontier, and but for them four months would have been

apoplexy. This is merely a detail, but it is worth pro-

ucing, as a proof that even the organization of the

consumed in concentrating them there from Paris alone. But in an enemy's country the railway will not be so readily available, for a few pounds of gunpowder will render a line useless and even dangerous to the invaders. In view of these contingencies, a special corps is at tached to each division, whose duty it will be to examine the lines, repair them where possible, destroy them when needful, and convert the embankments, as the case may be, into field redoubts and fortifications. But it must not be anticipated that steam will materially shorten the duration of the campaign, once the frontier has been passed. This as a hint to the impatient, who may fancy an army has only to get into the train, get up steam, and go off at full speed to the gates of Berlin, or of any other

The gunboats for river service have been launched at Strasbourg. They are quite a;new feature in European warfare, and are intended to defend the passages of rivers by the troops as well as to protect the fords. besides doing regular bombarding duty, for which they are said to be peculiarly well adapted, their armament of one or two guns being heavy and formidable. They have a shield partly of iron, some twelve centimeters in thickness, and partly of wood, which is intended to protect the gun and the gunners from the projectiles of the enemy. The crew consists of a commander, a lieutenant, a master, a chief-gunner, eight sailors, and a cook. The boats are propelled by steam, and run at the rate of

Apropos of the publication of news from the sent of war, on Friday evening a deputation of the Paris press waited upon M. E. Ollivier, to submit to him certain arguments against the "Law of Silence." The idea of the utation emanated from Le Constitutionnel, and, with the exception of two or three papers of small importance, the entire Paris press was represented. M. Ollivier, who had with him the Minister of the Interior, M. Che vandier de Valdrôme, told the deputation that his intention was to execute the law with the greatest possible reserve. Its only object was to prevent revelations by indiscretion, which might be useful to the enemy. The proreedings already commenced against the National would be abandoned, and he should always have in view to accomplish the objects of the law rather by friendly notifications than by actual expression. But the interdiction would remain absolute as to all news relating to the position of the troops, their number, and their move ments. As to correspondents, the Emperor and Marshal Leberuf were the sole judges of what it was prudent to 40, but any representations made by the deputation would be conveyed to them. M. de Villemessant, M. E. Texier, and M. Hebrard submitted their views very strongly as to the great utility of correspondents, and al that was required was that the reception of "reporters" by the Generals should not be inter but that they should be at liberty at least to receive any gentleman duly recommended to them, and provided with a safe-conduct from the Major-General. M. Ollivier said that he would submit these views for the consideration of those only who could promote them, but he intimated his belief that as soon as the campaign had actually commenced, the restrictions upon publicity, now considered indispensable, would be modified. Before the deputation left, M. Ollivier made a statement relative to the alleged Prusso-Franco treaty, but as I give the text of M. Benedetti's letter to the Mi ister, I have that to take the place of M. Ollivier's brief address. He added, however, that the evacuation of Rome was as good as an accomplished fact, and that the troops would quit Rome as soon as the Emperor's Govment had received from the Cabinet at Florence th formal assurance that Italy would guarantee the pontificial territory, within Italian limits, against all aggres-

August 1.-The Government has decided that, during the war, passports will be required of all travelers of whatsover nationality, either to leave or to enter France or the territory of the Empire. This decision is not ap plicable to the subjects of States actually at war with France, who will not be permitted to travel in the interior of the Empire without special authorizations delivered by the Minister of the Interior.

The Empress purposes to go to Metz in a few days. She intimated her intention to one of her near female relatives, and stated that this journey being in prospect when the Emperor left, she had thought best not to accompany him. "But I shall go to embrace my boy," she pided, "and to bid good-by to those who will never return." Her Majesty receives dispatches several times a day from the camp. When she leaves for Metz we may be sure something serious is about to happen. Our face-tious Parislans insist that it is absolutely necessary the Emperor should gain a victory before the 15th, in order that this national anniversary should be celebrated with transcendant éclat.

The Empress is a daily devotee at the shrine of Our Lady of Victory. She comes incognito, repairs to the thrine, prays, deposits her offering, and departs. When set out for the Italian war, she presented O. L. O. V. (Our Lady of Victory) with a splendid cande labra, which was duly honored with a distinguished place in that lady's cabinet of religious cu-Her Majesty has just added another similar cift to the same cabinet. It is a somewhat curious sight to see the Virgin's chapel lighted up, as it is every night now, with scores of tapers on the triangular wooden frame affected to the illuminatory service of the shrine, and around and about a literal crowd of kneeling women engaged in silent prayer. Who shall dare tear away the vail from those agonized hearts of mothers and sixters, bursting with the freuzy of bereavement, the anguish of suspense—with apprehension for the safety and the return of the loved ones away!

THE FIRST ACTION-THE NEWS IN PARIS. SAARBRUCK TAKEN"-SAARBRUCK AND ITS SURROUNDINGS-THE ARMIES-DEPARTURE OF THE GARDE MOBILE.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.] Paris, Aug. 3.-Up to 6 o'clock last evening "nothing new" was the reply to inquiries after intelli-gence from "the front." Within two hours whispers began to be current of some great event having occurred. Precisely what, nobody outside of the official circle could affirm, but it was certainly a victory, the Emperor had commanded in person, no end of Prussians had been defeated, and, in fact, Saarbruck had fallen into the hands of the French army. So eager is the public for informa-

restraint imposed upon the press by the "Bureau of Exactitude," of which M. E. Ollivier is the chief, that canards are set flying in any number, are at once caught, and raw as they are, are bolted, feathers and all. This time, however, caution was beaten. The various rumors adout were converted into certainties when the Gaulois brought out a second edition, and the circular appeared announcing officially that the French had really taken

There was then such a rush for papers. The kiosques, when the later evening papers are not always to be had, were literally besieged. At the theaters, the announce-ment was made in due ceremonial form by the Directors, in white ties and white kid gloves, and was received with rious shouts and cries of La Marseillaise, and Le Rhin Allemand. At least so I am informed by one of the auditory at a Boulevard theater; but not having wit-nessed this boxed-up enthusiasm, I can't vouch for the anifestation. I saw nothing of it on the Boulevard beyond the rush for papers, but this is no uncommon occur-

Most travelers familiar with the Rhine country, may remember Saarbruck, with the great castle or château, and its curious Gothic church, on the top of the hill, containing the tombs of the departed Herzoggs of Nassau, and other relies of by-gone days. It is on the left bank of the Saar, which, tumbling down from its cool sources in the heart of the Vosges, here becomes navigable. It is a really beautiful spot. The gardens and public promenades of the town are most lovely and picturesque, and the town itself lies embosomed in a valley, at the base of a succession of hills, which inclose and protect it.

Two hundred and fifty thousand Prussians are said to be massed between Saar Louis and Saarbruck, forming the seventh corps d'armée, and of these 50,000 are in the rear of Saar Louis. It is thought that the Prussians will retire on the approach of the French, but will blow up the fortifications of Saar Louis before abandoning them. It is reported that they have withdrawn from Treves, and fallen back upon Vittlich, on the other side of the Moselle, transporting thither the depôts of provisions, and the material and munitions of the First Prussian corps d' armée. Vittlich is strongly entrenched. The Prussian army of the Rhine numbers 426,000 men, in two grand divisions, that of the Lower Rhine and that of the Upper Rhine. The former is in two divisions, one at Cologne, under Gen. Steinmetz, 80,000 strong, composed of two corps d'armée and two divisions of the landwehr; and the other at the mouth of the Mein, of 186,000 men, under Prince Frederick Charles. The Prince Royal commands the army of the Upper Rhine, which is composed of 166,-000 men, being two Prussian corps d'armée and the troops of the South. Gens. de Blumenthal and de Sporling Col. de Stichle are, with Gen Moltke, the chiefs of the Prince's staff. At the mouth of the Oder is stationed another army, comnanded by the Grand Duke of Mecklingburgh. It is composed of two corps of the line and five divisions of the Landwehr, in all 108,000 men. This corps is intended to cover Berlin. Gen. Vogel de Falkenstein o an effective force of 58,000 men at the mouth of the Elbe. omposed of a corps of the line and three divisions of the Landwehr. This is the defensive army of the North. Concentrated upon the Ems, are the forces of Gen. Herwarth de Bittenfeld, 58,000 strong, consisting of one corps of the line and three divisions of the Landwehr. From this enumeration-which is from official sourcesthe total effective strength of the Prussian army actually in the field, but disseminated over a large area, would appear to amount to 650,000 men. I believe the French forces, massed on the Eastern frontier, may be set down in round numbers at 400,000 men of all arms, as against 425,000 Prussians. The latter, however, would include divisions of the Landwehr, and the Badois, Würtembergers, and Bavarians. I have already adverted to the daily departures of the

Garde Mobile. The 7th and 8th Battalions left yesterday. Among these defenders of the frontiers-for this will be their special service when the Regulars have gone for ward-is the youngest son of the late Baron James de Rothschild, bearing the stripe of a simple corporal. The 9th and the 10th Battalions leave this evening. Another Mobile is the favorite baritone singer of the Opera Comique, Gailhard. Before he leaves he will sing La Marseillaise, in his costume as one of this new guard. This is a somewhat sensational proceeding, but will add to his popularity and bring in a few additional francs to the treasury of the theater. These mobiles present a decidedly queer appearance. It is easy to see that a fashionable tailor has not presided over their equipment Some are lost in coats too large, in unmentionables decidedly baggy; others have shoes too big, guiters too loose, and shakos having a tendency to extinguish the wearer. The prevalent faults are largeness, and unquestionably looseness. Their friends way-lay them along the boulevards and the streets through which they pass on their way to the station. Beer flews in barrels champagne by the any number of dozens. Sometime they stop and drink; and shout, and then comes a hur they stop and drink; and shout, and thea comes a nurried farewell; or when time presses, it is the friends who
drink to them as they pass by, with a wave of the hand.
At the station, and about it, are files of cardages, filled
with elegant ladies, mothers, sisters, wives perhaps.
Madame James de Rothschild, widow of the Baron
James, was among these who attended at the station of
Anbervilliers to take leave of her son, who is only 20
years of age. She was accompanied by M. A'phonse de
Rothschild, another son. Some of these leave-takings
are extremely affecting. They are bringing the war very
closely home to all hearts, hearths, and homes. If the
enthusiasm is to be measured by the amount of shouting,
there is enough of it, and excessively to spare. there is enough of it, and excessively to spare.

## PARIS.

THE PEOPLE SERIOUS AND UNITED-ANXIETY FOR FOREIGN SYMPATHY-THE SECRET TREATY-FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS-HOW NEWS IS SUPPRESSED, ETC.

PARIS, July 27 .- Whoever listens to the talkng croups in the cafés, or about the little tables on the sidevalks: in railroad carriages, whether in the comfortable. highly respectable, first-class, the comfortable, equally respectable, but much more crowded, second class, the hard and comfortless third class, or on top, in the light and airy impériale; whoever keeps his ears open to what he hears in these very different quarters must, I am sure, come to the be lef that the opposition to the war here in Paris is nothing, that people are pretty muchs of one mind. And it is equally evident that people are see lous about the affair; that however "light" M. Ollivier's heart may be, the hearts of the better class are not light, but heavy: that they are not fooled by those who promise them that everything is going to their mind, and that they know the Emperor spoke truth when he said that the struggle about to begin will be a serioun-one There is a good deal of what looks suspiciously flike whistling to keep up the courage, particularly in reference to the attitude of the other European powers, nota bly that of England. Papers like the Moniteur (which has become in these days almost the toady of Ollivier). the Constitutionnel, and the Liberté try to convince their readers that within the week the attitude of the English press has decidedly changed toward France, having become, instead of virulently hostile, very favorable. I need hardly say that this conclusion is not sustained even by the citation from such Imperialist papers as The Standard, The Telegreph, and The Morning Post; but to see the way in which the Government organs boast of the little encouragement they do get from these Tory newspapers it is easy to conclude that they feel the need of comfort. The Maniteur, I think it was, actually quoted, the other day-what do you think !- none other than "The Court Journal!" And another newspaper this morning, hunting about for some one who say "good boy!" to it, takes refuge in The European News, a newspaper which, I am told, but not by anybody who has seen it, is published here in Paris! Yesterday, I fell into talk with two cultivated French people, both of whom introduced the subject of the change in the tone of English newspapers, and settled the matter quite to their own satisfaction. I don't think they welcomed my assurance that they were mistaken, nor that they really agreed with my proposition that there is no use in believing what is n't true. I take it. the real state of the case is, that there is a wide-spread, deep feeling of hostility to Prussia in France, and that French people have nursed the conviction that a war between the two powers is inevitable. But, in their secret hearts they do not feel assured that France has played an honorable part, a part above all suspicion, in forcing this war at this time on Prussia; for all their boasting, they don't feel as sure as they would have the world believe, that France must inevitably be victorious. and they are therefore eager to seize any evidences that come to hand that other nations think them in the right. They get but cold comfort.

So with the parts to be played by the different nations with relation to the two contending Powers. The action of Bayaria has been a bitter pill. Even the neutrality of Russia was disappointing, though 'twas semething that she did not ally herself with Prussia. We are assured that Gen. Fleury is high in favor with the Czar, but 'tis too early to make Sure of Russia's action yet. Great hopes are entertained of Denmark, it being the universal popular belief here—if I may judge—that Denmark will seize the first opportunity to declare for France, and that the King will be forced by the people to take sides with her against their common enemy. But, really, nothing is known about the feeling in Denmark, nor how strong it is for peace or war, or in favor of either France or Prassia. Scandinavia seems equally uncertain, but 'tis difficult to believe that these people would not let the "race" in their blood overcome the mere dissatisfaction with Prussian rule, when the question comes to a pinch. The signs in the South are all in favor of a belief that,

kind, Germans will unite with Germans, and it may be well believed 'twill be the same in the North. The tonst said to have been drunk to Napoleon III. at a recent banquet in Berlin—" To Napoleon III., the great promoter of German unity "—will no doubt prove prophetic, and the French people begin to fear it.

The great talk of the hour is the publication by The London Times of the "Secret Treaty." I say the great talk of the hour, but it is talk, thus far, in whispers. Most of the papers "pooh, pooh" it; some ignore it altogether. The Moniteur makes a slight allusion to it in a paragraph of 16 lines, the gist of which is that such a projected treaty did really exist after the war of 1866; but that it was proposed by Prussia to France, not by France to Prussia, and that the Emperor would have nothing to do with it. Oh, dear me, no! The Constitutionnel says pretty much the same, only calling the guilty proposer Bismarck instead of Prussia. Unfortunately omes along The London Telegraph with its correspondent's account of a talk with the Emperor, in which that innocent creature, who has just been making so many equettish advances to God, and calling for his approval of his conduct, in all sorts of ways, actually proposed that Bismarck should give France Luxemburg in pay for France having kept her fingers out of the Austro-Prussian fight! And when Bismarck answered "Hum! Hum! Your Majesty. For take Luxemburg—I take Holland, and then—!" "Stop," said that wise and good man, the Emperor of the French. "I am to do all the stealing in that quarter, if you please; if you touch Holland, that means war." Those who believe that the Emperor never opens his mouth till he judges the time has come say, here, that he sent for The Telegraph man and talked with him, and got the talk printed in his English organ, knowing that the secret of the Treaty must soon leak out. And you will see that it was shed in Berlin on Tuesday, the day after it was published by The Times in London. If once the authenticity of this extraordinary document is established, and it is proved that it is really in the handwriting of Benedetti, and was first presented by France to Prussia, as offering a solution of the Hispano-Prussian-French difficulty-you may expect a storm! It will give new strength here to the anti-war party, small now, and quite over-crowed, and would make one, I imagine, if none existed. France need expect, too, no kind of quarter from public opinion in England, and the anti-English feeling which exists here, now, would make itself unpleasantly feit. One of the newspapers jeering at the English the other day said "Come on, Englishmen! We are not afraid! Remember the Crimea! We did worse than beat you, we sared you!" People all look out of the car-windows now-a-days with renewed curiosity as they pass over the fortifications of Paris, for the decree has gone forth that they are to be completed and armed. There are plenty of people who believe that the Prussians have it in mind to march upon the city, and their fears are not diminished by learning that occupants of houses on the side of the probable attack, and within range of the the fortifications, have received the order to leave, and that the houses are to be destroyed. But, as the matter was hotly discussed in the compariment of the car I was in yesterday morning, the unanimous conclusion was that it was impossible to believe the Prussians would dare attempt such a crazy scheme; that, if they did attempt it, they never could succeed; not a Prussian would enter the city, and that if they did take Paris, they never, never ("jamais, jamais"), would leave France alive! And this conclusion filled the ear with noisy joy and satisfaction. I am sure I hope heartily that Paris will not have the ill-luck to suffer the cruel fate of Cologne, where, as we learn, the trees that are in range of the defenses are yielding to the pittless ax, and where beautiful suburban houses are being destroyed some, old and beautiful, others new and beautiful, all sacrificed alike. For one thing we may give thanks, war cannot make the suburbs of Paris more desolate than they are. Art and nature have combined to produce their present perfection of dreary, dead, monotony and desolation. The newspapers are in trouble, and for once there

seems a unanimous feeling against Ollivier, the author of their woes. He seems determined to shut out all news of the war, if possible, but of course he will not succeed. The other day came out an order to the journals to respect the new law against the publication of military movements, and in it Ollivier said that "the Government had hoped its appeal to the patriotism of the French journalsts would have been sufficient, but as it had not he must put the screws on." The Moniteur said 'twas the first time it had ever heard of any appeal to their patriotism; it had heard of a law threatening them with 19,099 francs fine for the first offense and with suspension for the second, but that was hardly an appeal to their patriotism. But even this wild scream from that purring tabby-cat joined by the Ministerial household, did not move its master. Then there is the Figure, usually as full of news, having all there is, and more, yet obliged to come out and say, yesterday, "Determined to conform to the decisions of superior authority, we cut out of our correspondents' letters everything they contain of interest!" And the Rappel, which, of course, as we all know, respects nobody, said: "As we feared to be found guilty of reporting a military movement, we did not take any notice of two grammatical blunders in the Emperor's Proclamation to the French people as given in the Journal Official. Now that we teur of this morning comes out with an article showing absurd the restrictions are since Le Peuple Francaise, the pretended organ of the Cabinet, which only the day before said, speaking of the new law: "We submitto it, and we advise everybody to submit to it," actually announced in the same number that contained this pro fassion of faith the departure of the fleet! The very morning before the Minister of the Interior sent a communication to all the newspapers begging them to say nothing about the sailing of the fleet; and though they ail knew of the salling, they all loyally held their tongues except the ministerial organ itself, which blabbed and ande money! And the other night when the news came of the little skirmish at Niederbronn (told at the Opera by the First Chamberlain of the Emperor, M. Laferrière, father-in-law of Gen. de Bernis), the newspaper men rushed down to the War-Office hoping for a tit-bit, but were quietly told that they could find the news in next day's Journal Officiel! And, sure enough, there it was, a statement five lines long! To-day, Ollivier is out with an order to the Procureurs-General to prosecute rigor the disobevers of the law, while Valdrome tells the Préfets that they are to understand when the Govern ment sends them no news that there is no news; and that if they hear any news running about that the Government kasn't sent them, they are to conclude that it is false, and punish the people who are found retailing it! You will have heard of the adventure of The Londo Times correspondent, and that of The Standard man, at Metz, so I will say nothing about them, but in the letter from Metz which I clip from Le Temps, you will find that THE TRIBUNE correspondent has been more fortu-

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The women, God bless 'em' i are coming up in fine style to offer their services as nurses for the sick and wounded. They are of all nations, English, French, and American, of course. The American woman, who seems as yet to be the only representative of her nation, appeared at the headquarters of Gen. Bazains thus attired and equipped: A broad-brimmed felt hat adorned with a snow-white plume shadowed her noble brow; a dark habit, fitting tight to the body and arm, and with its long skirt tucked into a leathern belt fastened by a silver clasp, carried the romance down as far as the middle of the lower leg, where it vanished before a pair of black cioth trousers and prunella boots. The chivalrens female was the owner of three horses, one of which she rode, while another carried the anothecary shop and the nursing outfit, and the third was unincumbered, being destined for the use of any wounded man who might need its services. I draw this touching picture, from a Freuch newspaper, whose correspondent says he saw this wonder with his eyes.

The Emperor takes to the field, wishing to lead a simple life, only two valets-de-chambre, two cooks and one waitre d'hotel. The Generals, aldes, officers of ordinance and ecuyers are only allowed two cantines each—poor souls!—and they must be of a size that the two can be carried by one nule. They are forbidden to take any other baginge. The Generals may have, each four horses and two servants. No one is to have a tent. The Princo Imperial is to have only one valet-de-chambre; two officers of his house will go with him and his equipage will be reduced in the same proportion as his father's.

Just as I finish writing we have a glorious shower, and nature what there is of her, here, looks as if she thanks her maker for the long-desired refreshment.

OFF TO THE WAR The women, God bless 'em ! are coming up in fine style

OFF TO THE WAR.

SCENES IN PARIS ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE TROOPS. Paris, July 25 .- At the gare de Strasbourg on

Saturday night where I went, between 11 and 12, to see the troops go off that I had been told were to leave, I was very disagreeably watched and followed, and have no doubt that I should have got into trouble if I had pushed my investigations beyond looking merely. And there was not much to see. The interior of the depot where the cars are was but dimly lighted, if lighted at all, and all entrance without a ticket, more jealously guarded than it is ordinarily in these admirably, let me say perfectly, managed French railroad stations. Outside there were men enough and women-I mean in the ante-room where the ticket-offices are-but there was nothing special to notice. Nearly all the men were drunk, mildly drunk, after the French fashion, and all the women were in a maudlin state, but there was no sentiment, and nothing to raise the scene many degrees above the crowding of cattle about the doors of an abattoir on slaughtering day. The gare de Strasbourg is a world of a way from the center of Paris, and my cocher, who was cross, thought I would like to follow the Boulevard, so he didn't choose of the French army. It is probable that the artillar difficulty whatever in forming another army of one mil- i French campaign of 1812 against Russia, with the inserts

quiet as a New-England village on Sunday. We went for what seemed miles, meeting only here and there a strag-gling pedestrian or a sergant deville, and suddenly came out on the rue de Rivoli, all gay with lights, and crowds of idlers, and rushing cabs and carriages, as strange a contrast as need be. But Paris is full of contrasts.

Sights more characteristic are seen in the street every day, and all hours in the day, as we meet the soldiers, privates, and officers, indulging themselves, in the brief hour before departure, with a little harmless joility. They pass under my window, along the narrow rue Bellechas as in the bottom of a well-every fifteen minutes, bands of three or four, ten or a dozen, boys and half-grown men, generally much the worse even for the thin wine they have been guzzling, and indulging in all sorts of antics. The first intimation I have of their coming is the " Marseillaise" being most execrably sung, or " Mourir pour la patrie," which is better, though nothing could be worse than either, and indeed we are getting heartily sick of both. However, looking down from the balcony I see such scenes as these. A band of five young men, of whom the oldest does not appear, judging from the tremendous head of hair I look down upon, to be more than 22 years old, goes swaggering along, arms locked and taking up the street from curb to curb. The extreme man at the right flourishes a half empty wine-bottle out of which, between the stanzas, they man at the right flourishes a half empty winebottle out of which, between the stanzas, they
all drink in turn; the extreme man at the left holds—a
baby! The thing is his, probably, if he likes to think so,
and 'tis sound asleep, dressed very nicely in a white
frock with blue ribbons, and a pretty cap. As the righthand man flourishes the bottle the left-hand man flourishes the baby, and, probably, by the end of their journey, they will get the two inextricably mixed, and perhaps throw the baby down, mistaking it for an empty
bottle. Behind the row of men, at a respectful distance
enough to draw tears of bloed from Mrs. H. B. Stanton,
came the women who belong to these ne'er-do-weels. They
are decently dressed, and walk arm-in-arm, singing the
alto to the young fellows bass. No doubt the baby belongs
to one of them, but you wouldn't think so, and the two
bands disappear as they came. Perhaps the next arrival, with more Marseillaise, will be an open voiture
with soldiers loiling on the cushions, cracking the
driver's whip, flourishing wine-bottles, and yelling
at the passers-by. I met a cab this merning, the driver of
which was sound asleep, while a roaring Jehu of a soldier-boy was driving the distracted horse, and out of
each window loiled another soldier singing the Marseillaise and thrashing the pavement in tune with a long,
green tree-branch. And everybody seemed to think
it was the thing to do, and took no particular notice.
Just now there went by another band of men, this time
older, with another row of women behind, and two of
the men led a little two-year-old baby by the hands who
walked along to the tune of the old Revolution with as
stendy a step as his elders. And so they keep going all
day, and not in my street alone, of course, but in all the
streets, and it is pleasant to see how little read disturbance they make for all their noise. I observe that the
ourriers at work on the new buildings opposite seldom
leave their work to look, unless the band is larger than
usual, and even then off, and so they go.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY TWO WEEKS AGO. THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING NEWS-HOW THE PEOPLE TREAT THE SOLDIERS-THE FEELING OF THE PEOPLE OF FRANKFORT-THE PRUS-

SIAN ARTILLERY. [FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

FRANKFORT, Aug. 1 .- The difficulty in obtaining news of the war is triffing compared with that of sifting the truth from the startling rumors which circulate from mouth to mouth. Were I to accept as true the greater portion of what I hear, I should fill these letters with intelligence decidedly sensational and utterly worthless. In an emergency like the present it is hapossible to place implicit confidence even in the men who have the character of being well-informed and cool-headed. Men who never perhaps blundered before, have gravely told me the most improbable tales of movements made and battles fought. For the moment their patriotic ardor has intoxicated them, and they readily believe in that which accords with their indications and their sympathies. One test by which I try the stories which are current, relates to the number of the German troops which are slain in the encounter. If, as generally happens, nothing is known as to the loss on the German side, while specific details are given about the slaughter on that of the French, it is safe to conclude that the story is either an invention, or else the distorted and highly colored version of a simple and comparatively insignificant fact. I make this statement in order to explain why my catalogue of war news is so unimportant. Moreover, that explanation will form a suitable preface to the few remarks I shall make about the reported attack upon Saarbruck. As I write the story goes that the attempt of the French to gain possession of that piace has been triumphantly repulsed, and that the loss to the attacking party is considerable, 600 French soldiers being sinin. That an engagement has occurred is the onlything open to little question. The result, however, is not only doubtful, but appearances favor the supposition that the victory of the Germans has not been thorough. If there had been matter for congratulation, the official report would not have abruptly ended with the words that de-tails had come to hand. It is unfortunate that the German authorities should resemble the French in one of their worst points. To withhold from the public information of an unsatisfactory kind is the policy of the Chie of the Prussian Ministry as it is that of the French. Owing to the dialike on the part of the authorities to give find them corrected in that interesting journal, we has ten to lay them before our readers, &c., &c." The Monirumor-mongers ply their mischievous trade and succeed in making their neighbors miserable without excuse or

happy without reason. Although my recent letters have been dated from Frankfort, yet I have done more in order to seek information than merely to walk along the Zeil. The entire suspension of passenger traffic on the milways renders it far from easy to make a long excursion. Nor does a journey in the direction of the frontier produce much fruit. On the French side large cities are within sight of the frontier, whereas on the German side the most important places are several miles distant. It is possible, of course, to get close to the frontier from the German cide, but to return is not so easy, and to dispatch letters is simply impossible. Until a decisive move in the one or the other direction be made, the selection of a suitable point from which to watch the course of events is a matter of exceeding difficulty. It still appears to be the general belief that in the borhood of Mayence a great battle will be fought, and the report still obtains credence that the headquarters of the King of Prussia will be in Frankfort, Preparations have sertainly been made for his reception, but the day of his coming is uncertain. Many expect that he will arrive to-morrow. The same persons, however, have been as confidently looking for him on each day during the past week. While the King lingers in Berlin, his troops are proceeding rapidly to the front. The number

of men now massed between Mayence and the frontion must be enormous. Before the several trains leave the Frankfert station their occupants are well cared for by the inhabitants. The quantity of provisions collected for the use of the troops is very great. No less than 19,000 pounds weight of sausages have been distributed during the past five days. This is in addition to their ordinary rations. Liquids, as well as solids, are provided for the soldiers by the citizens, while cigars are added, so as to make the entertainment complete. It is said that the liberality of the Frankforters has been doubly welcome. On the one side it is a demonstration of sympathy with the cause for which Germany has taken the field, while on the other it is accepted as a token of friendly feeling. However unpleasant it might have been, it would not have been wholly unnatural had the citizens of Frankfort assumed an attitude of abstension from any manifestation of personal enthusiasm. The memories of old grudges are still green, and their acquiescence in the existing state of things is due as much to necessity as to anything else. They endure what they cannot cure. They speak about the good old times as the ancient poets did about the golden age which had passed away. While this is not only true but pardonable, it is a misrepresentation of the truth to magnify this feeling of dissatisfaction into a longing to be emancipated from the Prussian yoke at all hazards. The Emperor of the French never made a more palpable blunder than when he pictured himself being hailed by the citizens of Frankfort as their liberator. They are singularly attached to their city, and they entertain a firm conviction that they are superior to other Germans; nevertheless, they are true Germans in sentiment, in disposition, and in manners. If they do not admire the Prussians, they assuredly detest the French. The present war, instead of detaching the Frankforters from their allegiance, has already had the effect of ren-dering them more disposed than at any former period to show their sincere attachment to the Fatheriand, and more ready to make any sacrifice in order that it may be preserved unimpaired.

Several batteries of artillery have been transported over the railways during the past few days. It is supposed that this is the arm in which the German army is least strong. The campaign of 1866 certainly demonstrated that the artillery of the Austrians was, in every respect, more efficient than that of Prussia. Had it not seen for the needle-gun, the inferiority of the Prussians in this respect would have been still more marked. But victors at Sadowa had no objection to learning a useful esson. The shrewd eyes of the military authorities discovered at a glance that it was defective, and instant steps were taken to repair deficiencies. One of these related to the weight of field pieces. The Prussian guns were far too cumbersome for service in the field." are now much lighter, and the men have been trained to

lery on the one side will be quite a match for that on the other. Nor is it wholly impossible that the much vaunted mitralleuse will be without a rival. The belief is current among the German officers that the Prussians will bring into the field a gun which will outstrip the Emperor Napoleon's pet cannon. Whether this be confirmed or not, I am confirmed in the opinion I have expressed about the light in which the mitralleuse is viewed in the German army. The men have a confidence, which past events justify, that their-leaders will not be outwitted either as regards guns or maneuvers.

SAARBRUCK.

THE ARRIVAL OF TROOPS-A WEDDING IN CAMP -PIEDS DE DIABLE.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.] SAARBRUCK, Aug. 1, 11 P. M .- The first and third battalions of the 4th Hobenzollern Fusiliers made their appearance on the Saar Louis road at the top of a hill two miles out of Saarbruck at about 5 o'clock to-day [The news of their arrival I sent you by cable.] With them came 16 guns and a long line of wagons. They did not come into the town, but turned into a large field high on the hill, where they bivouse to-night. There was great joy at the news of their approach; some of the townspeople were up in the field ready to receive them with provisions and presents of cigars, &c. "Gott sei came from the mouth of a patriot by my side as the first of the cannons appeared. At the time when I wrote my first letter there were hardly more than 500 men in Saarbruck and had the French made a move forward, even with a small part of their forces, about Forbach, we could have made no resistance whatever. There are at present in Saarbruck, or just outside of it, the 3,000 men and more of the 48th, with 16 guns; within a short distance are the 9th Hussars and 69th Regiment of the line, with 30 guns. The 20th Regiment, which was to have come to-day, advanced nearly to Saarbruck, and then turned in another direction. Its destination is unknown here. Gen. von Goeben appeared yesterday, and made a short stay in the town. The present commander here is Gen. von Gneisenau, son of the Count Gneisenau, to whom the original organization of the Landwehr is principally due. The bivouncing of the two battalions of the 40th, with

the unceasing stream of the bearers of patriotic gifts for

the town, was a sight which no one could forget. I am

sure that your readers will be pleased with the following

incident, which illustrates so well both the composition

of the German army and the naturalness of German life. A young and thriving merchant of Saar Louis was to have been married at Saar Louis to a young lady from Schleiz, on the 16th of July. On that morning came the telegraphic order of mobilization. The train carried off the bridegroom a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the marriage. He, like thousands of other men of an equally good position in life, took his place as a private in his regiment-the 40th Hohenzollerus-and cheerfully arranged with his bride that the marriage should take place as soon as his battalion should reach Saarbruck. He would then go off to the war, and she would return, as his wife, to her home. The bride came yesterday with her brother to Saarbuck. I had the pleasure of walking up with them this afternoon to watch the batwhich the bridegroom was to appear pass from the high road into the bivounc-field. The bridegroom was ! there in the thick of the helmeted stream, and ran from the ranks and kissed his bride with German fervor. The men marching past looked at them with sympathetic admiration, but with no sign of wonder, much less of coarse derision. Then the bridegroom ran on to the place he had left, and the bride went to an officer and begged a few hours' leave for the bridegroom, that they might get married. The officer, of course, was only too glad to listen to such a request from the lips of such an applicant, and escorted the bride to the colonel of the regiment, from whom leave had to be obtained. We saw the bride with dark eyes more expressive than ever, and a shadow of apprehension over her broad forehead, not too German for perfect beauty, repeating her request to the colonel, and winning from his lips of discipline the hours earlier. I do not think that any Englishman could have witnessed the scene without the thought crossing him that it implied such a society in the army and such a noble simplicity of life as we in England have not yet learned even to aspire to. Extraordinary, how outré would it seem in England if we were told that a gentleman serving as a private in the army ran from the ranks and kissed his bride, and then that the bride went up before half the regiment to the officers and made the request which I have recorded! And what would be the be havior of the men who saw it take place! If it excited admiration it would be for the singularity and unusualness of the thing; in Germany it was per feetly natural, and I mention it not because it was singular, but the reverse, because it caused no surprise and no embarrassment to any one; because it shows what is the tone of the German army in which men of all ranks serve side by side, and how simple and natural society is in comparison to everything that we are accustomed to in England. To assure you that this is no romance, I give, with the approbation of the bride and bridegroom, the names of both. The bride is the Fränlein Angelica Hennig, born in Schleiz, in Central Germany; the bridegroom, Herr August Britz, born in

Saar Louis. The patrol skirmishes continue; none of our men have fering from want of water.

Tuesday Morning .- Our guns are being brought up opposite the French. Will reply if the French open fire.

KING WILLIAM AT THE SEAT OF WAR HIS PASSAGE THROUGH COLOGNE-THE LOST OF-PORTUNIY OF FRANCE-UNITED GERMANY, [FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

COLOGNE, Aug. 1 .- The hero King has just assed Cologne, and with him was silent Moltke and au lacious Bismarck. There he sat, the ruler of a great country, the future Emperor of Garmany, his face smiling, and yet with an expression of thoughtfulness, for in a few days he will stand at the head of one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen, ready to fight for the honor, independence, and liberty of a great nation. And here I part anticipate that never has a war been so popular as is the present; the hatred of the French is beyond description. About 10,000 inhabitants went, therefore, singing and cheering, to the station to give expression to their patriotic enthusiasm in presence of King William and his suite. At 8:20 the train stopped, and when the imposing head of the monarch became visible through the window, the crowd raised cheers which seemed to cease no more. Then the pupils of the schools returned the "Wacht am Rhein," the anthem, "Heil dir im Sieges kranz," the national song, "Ich bin ein Preusse," and other patriotic songs. The King was evidently pleased with this reception, and bowed and saluted smilingly the thousands. I saw old warriors moved to tears when beholding the countenance of their supreme master, to

whom they adhere with unbounded devotion. The King's arrival at the seat of war may be taken as sure indication that a battle is to be expected in a few days. Where it will be fought can only be guessed, for all the strategical operations, as well as the distribution of the forces, is a mystery to everybody except a few who hold the threads in their hands. For the last fortnight troops were passing here night and day. The enthusiasm is general, those only are disheartened who are doomed to remain in fortresses without any chance to face the enemy. The spirit of the soldiers is still heightthe conviction that there must be something wrong with the French, on account of their not being able to make an inrode, or to begin action, nearly three weeks after the war had been declared. How different would have been the position of France if she had taken essons from the seven day's war in 1866. The Prussian frontier was virtually undefended, and a French army could have marched into Prussia without scarcely any opposition. But that chance is over, and about 1,000,000 of German troops are guarding "Vater Rhein," and now the Germans can sing with confidence, "Lieb Vaterland, kannst ruhig sein." France cannot break through

a phalanx which seems perfectly impenetrable. Up to this moment neither a battle has been fought, nor has any skirmishing of significance taken place, and all the intelligence to the contrary has proved unfounded. The troops appear in excellent condition; some regiments, those of Pomerania and Westphalia, for instance, are of gigantic appearance. They are provided for in the best possible way, and carry with them everything they need. I have it from trustworthy source that they have provisions for at least six weeks. The behavior of the regiments who have joined Prussia, as those of Bavaria, Würtemberg, &c., is remarkable. They have petitioned to be allowed to form part of the avantguard, in order to face the enemy first.

Germany is united. There is no German to be found who is not with Prussia in the present struggle, whatever his opinion may otherwise be. Volunteers are flocking to the army, but are not accepted; there is no need for them. Up to the present those men are only drawn who have already served. But there remain still hundreds of thousands who have been free from some cause or other, and who, in case of need, in six weeks can be sufficiently drilled and distributed among the different regiments. Things would, however, take an unfortunate course for Germany if she should be obliged to resort to this source. Yet it is well to remember that Germany would have no

lion of soldiers; consequently no one who looks at things with open and impartial eyes can have any doubt as to the final result of the present war.

COBLENTZ.

ON THE ROAD-PROVISION TRAINS-THE PRUS-SIAN AMBULANCE WAGONS-PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE. [FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

COBLENTZ, July 31 .- I arrived here last night after 16 hours in a diligence—no pleasant sojourn. Our road took us across the hills of the Moselle, which rise to some considerable hight, in places to about 1,000 feet. About midway between Treves and Coblentz we met long trains of provision and ambulance wagons on their way to Treves, where the headquarters of the Eighth Army Corps now are. The provision wagons, painted dark blue and white," Proviant-Col.: 8 Armée Corps Kæniglich-Preussen," written in white on their sides, were each drawn by four stout horses. The quality and bone of these horses were most decidedly superior to that of the French train which I had seen here. A useful contrivance—a sort of a large basket, fixed to the front and rear of each wagon, seemed to hold the men's knapsacks, a place of luxury they all, it is needless to say, took advantage of. The ambulance wagons attracted my particular attention as they rendered such good service during the Sadowa campaign, and their organization has been praised both by friend and foe. Each wagon had not only a large red cross painted on its tilt, but in addition carried a large white flag also bearing a red cross. Surely the insignia of Christ are more worthily and more fit-tingly displayed thus than as they were lately at Cherbourg in presence of the woman who by a bitter mocking calls herself religious, yet who has more than any other been the cause of this miserable war. But the sins of the Empress Eugenie are notinow my business.

August 1.—My letter of yesterday was so suddenly and so unpleasantly interrupted by the entrance of the kellner, begging me to send off to the station at once, as the train had been quickened, and was going two hours earlier than usual, that I hardly know where I left off. But I go on with a description of the ambulance train—or the krankenträger (sick-bearers), as the Germans call them, which is one of the most noteworthy as well as one of the noblest divisions of the Prussian army. Each wagon will contain two sick or wounded men, and in addition carries on its roof a portable ambulance to be carried in the field by two men. This latter was the easiest to examine, and seemed to me to be admirably contrived for its humane purpose. It was in the usual form of an ambulance or stretcher, but its mattress was supported on springs, so that not only would the sufferer be spared the cruel jolting of wheels, but the movenents of his two bearers would be softened for him by cunningly-devised springs. There was a well-stuffed cushion at the head of each stretcher, which would be raised or lowered at pleasure; underneath this cushion was fastened a small knapsack containing surgical in struments, lint, bandages, &c., and all the ghastly requirements of field hospital. On each wagon was a small ask for water, that first necessity of the wounded soldier. Indeed everything about the krankenträger shower plainly that their organization and equipment had been the object of just as careful study as that of the infantry and cavalry. I should say, perhaps, that all the new officers were dressed in almost precisely the same uniform as that of their invaders of the Landwehr. The only essential difference was the braid and cross worn or the left sleeves of the latter. The men we met seemed cheerful enough, and to think but little of their fate which but too many of them must meet with shortly.

After leaving the ambulance train a turn of the road brought us suddenly in sight of a whole column of provision wagons on their way to join the Eighth Army Corps. It so happened that we met them in a most picturesque spot, for we had just topped the crest of one hill when we saw the long files of wagons advancing in the valley below. The hills which border the Moselle are here so steep that the road is found to wind and zig-zag about gentlest answer. The bridegroom was sent off on leave like a Swissone, and in consequence we had an admirable till mid-day to-morrow. The rearriage will be a few | paneramic view of the advancing column. A more striking and picturesque sight I have seldom beheld, the green foliage of the road broken here and there by the gray projecting rocks, mingled charmingly with the gay uniforms of the soldiers, the white tops of the wagons, and the brass, flashing gaily in the sun, of the horses' har ness. When we reached the bridge at the bottom of the valley, the diligence began to climb slowly up the opposite hill. I and my two German companions jumped out, and talked and laughed with the drivers of the wagons, who were themselves obliged to go slowly, the descent being far too sharp for them to hurry.

Nearly all of the men seemed intelligent, and to have much more knowledge of the facts before them than French soldiers. They did not manifest their enthusiasm by yelling patriotic songs; but there was a quiet unas suming confidence that their cause was a just one, and the quarrel none of their seeking, that seemed to me to be far preferable to the effervescence of the Parisians I witnessed not many days back. Under all this outward calm, however, these but hid an inward fire, not difficult to rouse. As one of the trains stopped for a moment at a point which commanded a wide view over hill and valley, I said to one of the directors: "It would be a pity to let the French start all thia." "Ah, Melaherr," was the answer, "Sie sollen nicht ihn haben den freien been hit lately; a Frenchman has been killed and two or Deutschen Rhein," and he sung cut the chorus of three wounded. The Frenchmen bave given our 40th the name of "Pieds do diable," "Dovils-feet: "Teufelsfüsse" we call it. It is said that the French in Forbach are sufwe got into the diligence whether I really thought there was any chance of the French getting Rhineland in their grip, or whether I only wanted to see what the man would say, "for," he added, " we have made up our minds we will never sign any peace that deprives us of one inch of German ground-no, not so long as there is a man who can carry a mushet in Prussia; the very women would rise to fight the Frenchman; and if we are victorious," he continued, " we will never sheathe the sword until we have wrenched Alsace and Lorraine, our old soil, from those who have sought a causeless quarrel." .

After a terribly weary march we reached Coblents. eramped and weary. Coblentz was full of Landwehr, mixed with a few soldiers of the line. On the fertifica tions many trees have been felled, and more are now falling under the ax to make ready for an attack. Everything, of course, rings with preparation. Evan the Rhine steamers are deprived of their usual peaceful freight of tourists, and bristle with bayonets and bress-spiked helmets.

Coblentz, it is needless to point out, is a most important strategie point for the Prassians. It is very strongly for tifled, and could easily shelter 160,000 meg.in case of a do feat in the field. Ehrenbreitstein is still called the Gib raltar of the Rhine; but since the invention of rifled cannon its importance is diminished, as many of the hills round it would render it indefensible if held by an enemy provided with heavy artillery. All these command ing points, however, are strongly fortified, and earthworks are even now being thrown up on these forts to-ward the French frontier. My next letter will probably be deted Mayence, and, I hope, the one after that " Prus sian Headquarters." But locomotion is difficult, and the

rails, as I learned to my cost yesterday, erratic.

Aroust 2.—The King passed through here last night about midnight, coming from Hanover and Cologne, and going to Frankfort. He was, of course, enthusiastically received. He will remain at Frankfort, in all probability for some little time now, as it is in a central position, and besides, the good people of Frankfort have hardly got over the very rough treatment they received at the hands of the Prussians in '66, and the present h an auspleious moment to try and make them forget old griefs by exciting their patriotism. There is still no news from the front, and people are beginning to wonder what the French can be about. Indeed, I see by the papers that the Parisians have been so hard put to it for news that they have invented a battle or two! But the real truth, I suspect, is, that the Prussians are in much greater force on the banks of the Saar and Moselle than they are generally thought to be. Hence they do not intend to fall back on Mayence or Maunheim, as it is generally thought they will, but will try to hold the French in check from Sierck to Lauterburg. As a proof of my opinion that the Prussians do not mean to fall back on the line of the

Rhine, and of their being in force in front, I may instance the long train of provision wagons that I met on my way here from Trèves; the krankenträger with them were in too great force for a mere affair of outposts. In a day or two I hope to be at Landau and Spires, and shall be able to let you know more positively about the Prussian strength. The Crown Prince, as I wrote vesterday, h said to be at Carlsruhe. From there, or from Rastadt where the Prussians have a large intrenched camp, be may attack the French right flank, should they advance Or he may go lower down the Rhine, and, crossing it near Milihause, make for what is called the "Trouces de Belfort," or the gap between the Vosges and Jura Moun tains, through which many an invading army has passed

In confirmation of what I have said above I may met tion that the large square of the Clemeroz-Platz here is covered with peasants' wagons laden with bread and iscuit, and all going west. Before leaving Coblentz for Mayence, or Mainz, as the Germans call it, I ought to mention the monument called the "Castor-brunnen, which was erected by the last French prefect of Coblents under the First Empire in the commemoration of the